A Man Who is Pure at Heart

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A Man Who is Pure at Heart

by Sanguineheroine

Summary

Will goes into heat.
Hannibal takes off his pyjamas.

Continues on directly from Alone and Together.

Notes

Title from *Howl* by Florence & The Machine.

Warning: References to violence against children and death of children. Not graphic, but present.

Will has always been alone during his heats.

When he was young, he lay sweating and hopeful in his rented room and let his scent and his chirping call float out the opened window. He welcomed Alphas by smell and touch and taste, reveling in the heavy press of another body and seeking nothing more than a shared subvocal crescendo and the false virility of suppressed seed.

When he grew older and resigned to his loneliness, he built himself a home neighboured only by forest and four-legged beasts. When his heats came he closed the windows and drew the curtains, and in the dimness wallowed in drugged sleep brought on by high-dose prophylactic suppressants. He felt stunted; a shrub pruned too late and left to struggle in the shadows, never to bloom.

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Hannibal scoops Will into his arms as if he weighs no more than a child and carries him back to the house. He lays Will on the rug by the fire and, as if from a great distance, Will hears him changing the sheets on the bed. Later, he hears running water in the downstairs bath and a curious heavy shuffling from the direction of the hall. Will dozes, exhausted from his dreams and the dragging weight of his limbs.

He wakes to find Hannibal by his side, wiping the sweat from his body with a cool, damp cloth that smells of well water and lavender. He is naked, and the woolen hearthrug pricks and his bare back and thighs.

“I’m in heat,” he rasps, “if you wanted my clothes off, you only had to ask.”

“I’m hurt, Will. Until now, you haven’t waited for me to ask,” Hannibal replies without looking up from washing in between Will’s toes. He presses firmly against Will’s sole and Will feels a tingling in his scalp. With another stroke of strong fingers, the tingling turns to warmth.

Will sighs and reaches for him, and Hannibal goes.

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Together they smell of slick and seed, need and completion. In his fevered confusion, Will’s only certain thought is that he was made here; that he was gathered together in the darkness by Hannibal’s tenderness and desperation and formed, wet and hot and gasping, around Hannibal’s cock.

Hannibal presses open-mouthed, growling, kisses against Will’s neck. He sucks aching bruises along Will’s clavicle and over the sensitive skin of his breasts, which are made swollen and heavy by hormones. Hannibal marvels at the fine tracery of veins under pale skin, and the hard tips which bring Will to writhing and cursing when he circles them with his tongue.

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Will's face is hot against the cool sheet. His mouth is open and his palate is full of salt and smoke and metal. *Alpha* .

Each tight thrust of Hannibal's hips presses his knot against Will's slick, open lips. Suddenly maddened, he pushes back against Hannibal and forces himself down onto it, tying them together. Hannibal's deep groan is underscored by a growling subvocalisation that makes his chest shudder against Will's back.

Before Will realises what he intends, Hannibal drops his face to the juncture of Will's neck and shoulder and *bites* .

The agony of teeth and salt and broken skin is exquisite. Will feels the howling cry spilling from his throat and hears it with Hannibal's ears; he shudders from the pain while exalting in the taste of his own blood. For a triumphant moment he is both Alpha and Omega; both himself and not himself. He feels Hannibal's orgasm, the helpless racking spasms drawn out by the ecstatic rictus of Will's muscles, and the blooming flower of his own release, tight inside and hot-wet against his belly.

They lie tied together afterwards, bodies twisted together like vines. Hannibal's hand rests on Will's belly and the warmth of him is like sunlight on Will's skin.

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Will wakes with a clear head and a dry mouth. The sheets are clean and dry, but Hannibal's scent lingers on his empty pillow. From the kitchen comes a low murmur of voices.

Will showers with the lights off. He watches the steam curl and twist in the white glow from the window and remembers the snow in his dreams.

The figure in the mirror wears his love in jewel-toned bruises and bite marks strung together like pearls over his thighs and shoulders. The mating bite is a shimmering silver scar haloed by mottled dark bruising and Will touches it with reverent wonder.

As if summoned by the touch, Hannibal appears beside him in the mirror. He bows his head to kiss the scar before meeting Will's eyes.

Will leans into the warmth of Hannibal's body. He guides one of Hannibal's hands up to rest at the base of his throat and watches joy dawn like sunrise in his Alpha's eyes when he feels the soft trilling purr beneath his palm.

"*Omega*," Hannibal breathes into his ear with the fervency of a prayer. Then, he goes to his knees on Will's bathmat and *worships*.

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